

Faculty of Music

University of Toronto

Thursday Noon Series
Music and Poetry



Michael Colvin, tenor
James Westman, baritone
John Hawkins, piano
Eric Domville, commentator
Instrumental Ensembles

March 21, 1996

12:10 pm

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

Programme

Professor Eric Domville will introduce the works to be performed

In Memoriam Dylan Thomas - Dirge Canons and Song
for Tenor Voice, String Quartet and Four Trombones
(poem by Dylan Thomas)

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Michael Colvin, tenor

Nightsong ♦
for Baritone, Marimba and String Quartet
(poem by Dylan Thomas)

John Hawkins
(b. 1944)

James Westman, baritone



Our Time
from *Merrily We Roll Along*

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Au fond du temple saint
from *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Michael Colvin, tenor
James Westman, baritone
John Hawkins, piano



Chui-Tan Lee and Nadine Odynski-Westman, violin
Eric Paetkau, viola
Laurent Perrin, cello
Cathy Stone, Darren Jukes, Nevawn Patrick and Bram Creighton, trombone
Jurij Konje, marimba

♦ *premiere performance*

In Memoriam Dylan Thomas (1954)

Igor Stravinsky

Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night

Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.



Nightsong (1995)

John Hawkins

In My Craft or Sullen Art

Dylan Thomas

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

Our Time
from Merrily We Roll Along

Stephen Sondheim

Charly: Something is stirring,
Shifting ground . . .
It's just begun.
Edges are blurring
All around,
And yesterday is done.

Feel the flow,
Hear what's happening:
We're what's happening.
Don't you know?
We're the movers and we're the shapers.
We're the names in tomorrow's papers.
Up to us, man, to show 'em . . .

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Nadir

Au fond du temple saint,
Paré de fleurs et d'or
Une femme apparaît . . .
Je crois la voir encor.

Zurga

Une femme apparaît . . .
Je crois la voir encor.

Nadir

La foule prosternée
La regarde étonnée
Et murmure tout bas:
Voyez, c'est la déesse
Qui dans l'ombre se dresse
Et vers nous tend les bras.

Zurga

Son voile se soulève;
O vision, ô rêve!
La foule est à genoux.

Ensemble

Oui, c'est elle, c'est la déesse
Plus charmante et plus belle;
Oui, c'est elle, c'est la déesse,
Qui descend parmi nous
Son voile se soulève
Et la foule est à genoux.

Nadir

Mais à travers la foule
Elle s'ouvre un passage.

Zurga

Son long voile déjà
nous cache son visage.

Nadir

Mon regard, hélas, la cherche en vain.

Nadir

At the back of the holy temple,
decorated with flowers and gold,
a woman appears . . .
I can still see her.

Zurga

a woman appears . . .
I can still see her.

Nadir

The prostrate crowd
looks at her amazed
and murmurs under its breath:
look, this is the goddess
looming up out of the shadow
and holding out her arms to us.

Zurga

Her veil parts slightly;
what a vision, what a dream!
The crowd is kneeling.

Together

Yes, it is she, it is the goddess
more charming and more beautiful;
yes it is she, it is the goddess,
who has come down among us.
Her veil has parted,
and the crowd is kneeling.

Nadir

But through the crowd
she makes her way.

Zurga

Already her long veil
hides her face from us.

Nadir

My eyes, alas, seek her in vain.

Zurga
Elle fuit!

Nadir
Elle fuit!

Mais dans mon âme soudain
Quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!

Zurga
Quel feu nouveau me consume!

Nadir
Ta main repousse ma main.

Zurga
Ta main repousse ma main.

Nadir
De nos coeurs l'amour s'empare
Et nous change en ennemis.

Zurga
Non, que rien ne nous sépare!

Nadir
Non, rien!

Zurga
Jurons de rester amis!

Nadir
Jurons de rester amis!

Ensemble
Oh, oui! Jurons de rester amis!
Oui, c'est elle, c'est la déesse
En ce jour qui vient nous unir
Et fidèle à ma promesse
Comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle, c'est la déesse
Qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
Oui, partageons le même sort,
Soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!

Zurga
She flees!

Nadir
She flees!
But what is this strange flame
which is suddenly kindled with my soul!

Zurga
What unknown fire is destroying me!

Nadir
Your hand pushes mine away.

Zurga
Your hand pushes mine away.

Nadir
Love takes our hearts by storm
and turns us into enemies.

Zurga
No, let nothing part us!

Nadir
No, nothing!

Zurga
Let us swear to remain friends!

Nadir
Let us swear to remain friends!

Together
Oh, yes! Let us swear to remain friends!
We have seen her, she is the goddess
who today led you to me,
and from now I'll keep you my promise
close as brothers we shall be!
Great goddess, Heaven descended,
she today has led you to me!
Now we shall tread one single path
never again to part till death!

